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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

JOHN McELROY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL, BYRON ANDREWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 2, 1898.

THE OUTLOOK.

The fleet of Admiral Cervera, apprehension of which has retarded the movements of the army for weeks, is now disposed of. It is impotent for any further harm, except to join in the defense of Santiago. We can now carry out the occupation of Cuba and Porto Rico just as if it did not exist.

This week will be full of stirring events. It is believed that the southern waters are filled with transports carrying troops. Whither they are bound is of course secret. The latest impression derived from the White House is that the first landing will be at Santiago, to assist Commodore Schley to reduce that port to actual possession. While this would be a very wise move, the fact that it is so obvious, and that the White House has suffered a hint to go abroad that it will be done, is against its being done at present.

In war it is generally best not to do the thing which the enemy expects, and which you have given him reason to believe you will do. Therefore, the troops may descend first upon Porto Rico, or immediately upon the defenses of Habana.

Really, it matters very little which is first, for the rest will rapidly follow, and we think that before our next paper reaches our readers there will be an irresistible force of American soldiers on both islands, and their reduction to complete possession will be going forward swiftly and thoroughly.

THE canting, sneering New York *Evening Post* even finds fault with the Ministers for praying for success in the war.

THE Government has not made the use of the veterans of the rebellion in this war that it might have done to great profit. There are thousands of places in which their dearly-bought experience might have been of the greatest value to the Government in caring for the new troops and preparing them for the field.

NATURALLY, it irritates the German Emperor to have our little Navy suddenly overshadow his in the Chinese seas.

IF Great Britain and the United States unite, the control of the world will lie between those who speak English and those who speak Russian, with Germany, France, Austria, Italy, and the rest having as little to say as Holland, Denmark, and Sweden now have.

FRANCE is making entirely too much ado over the "ascendancy of the Latin races." That is how Napoleon III. talked when he sent the expedition to Mexico. The Germans are not likely to regard it with much favor.

APROPOS of the Spanish rodomontade about fitting out new and powerful vessels with Krupp guns and German gunners is the report from Martinique that the gunboat Terror is still there with disabled boiler-tubes and propeller, and no money to pay for repairs.

THE veterans of Buffalo, N. Y., are deeply wrought up over the discriminations practiced against them by the Board of Public Works and other officials having the power of appointment and employment. They have been holding meetings denouncing these men, and threatening the formation of a political party to care for their rights. They have over 5,000 votes, and can make themselves felt. At the same meetings they express their highest loyalty to the Government, and offer to enlist for frontier duty, or any other in which they can render service.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Hon. Henry Clay Evans, Commissioner of Pensions.

Sir: It has been our unpleasant but still very necessary duty to point out to you a number of mistakes that you have made since you entered your present office.

Probably you may think that this was actuated by a spirit of carping criticism. We say "probably," because you have peculiar and most astonishing ways of looking at most things. But if you will reflect you will at once remember that prior to your entrance into your present position no paper in the country did more for you than THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. It supported you strongly in all your political aspirations to be Representative in Congress and Governor of Tennessee, and welcomed you as Commissioner of Pensions, because, coming from a part of Tennessee which made more sacrifices for the Union than any other section of the country, we felt that you were probably deeply imbued with a sense of the services of the men who saved the Nation, and eager to do justice to them. If we criticize you now, it is far more in sorrow than in anger, and accompanied with the humiliation of acute disappointment in a man from whom we had expected much.

The mistake to which we would now call your attention is the evident belief on your part that the Pension Bureau is still under the domination of Grover Cleveland, and that the only change the people wanted made in 1896 was that Henry Clay Evans should receive the salary of Commissioner of Pensions, instead of Wm. Lochren. While it is flattering to your self-esteem to think that the people of the United States went through a great election merely to secure a proper provision for you, we can assure you that you never made a greater error in your life than to assume that the intense dissatisfaction of the people all over the country was with Commissioner Lochren personally, and that it could be entirely remedied by substituting the personality of Henry Clay Evans. The intense feeling was against the ideas and methods which Commissioner Lochren introduced into the administration of the Pension Bureau, and which you have continued without sensible change. Rather you have intensified them, and made it if anything more difficult for a long-suffering, long-waiting Union veteran to obtain his rights than it was under Lochren. This is the more cruel, since several years have elapsed, all the veterans are older and far more needy, and hope long deferred is weighing their hearts down to the death of despair.

There is yet time for change if you choose to change. You have been long enough in office to have forced upon you the knowledge that the Lochren ideas and methods radically and cruelly unjust. You know how obnoxious his memory is, and you must know how the people regard your traveling undeviatingly the path which he trod, to the great political detriment of the President who appointed him. Lay these things to heart, with them gain a clearer perception of your duty toward the men to whom the Nation owes everything, and pleasantly startle the country by a radical departure from Lochrenism in the administration of the Pension Bureau.

Yours, in admonition,

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

"COMMERCE follows the Flag." Already the commercial effects of Admiral Dewey's victory manifest themselves most unmistakably. The first effect was the reduction of rates for marine insurance to nearly the old scale. American ships are now as safe on the Pacific as on Lake Erie. Next the exporters and importers begin to look alive. Philadelphia alone imports about $3,000,000 worth of goods from the Philippines, and sells them little. She will soon be buying more, and selling them a great deal.

IN one way we are sorry for Admiral Dewey's promotion. He loses the good old American title of Commodore, our own only distinctive sea title, and one which has been made most honorable by the victories gained by Commodores Barney, Hull, Decatur, Perry, Porter, Chauncey and others. "Admiral" is foreign—very foreign. It comes from the Arabian "Ameer," through the Italians, Spaniards, French and English.

THE English and German papers speak of the battle of Manila as "the lanching of a new world power."

MEMORIAL DAY.

They who had greatly feared that the absorbing excitement of the present war—the imminent prospect of new and rich sacrifices on the altar of Patriotism—might seriously detract from the interest in the sacred observances of Memorial Day have been most happily disappointed. They reasoned that in the day of momentous new things, the momentous old ones would have little attraction for the popular mind, and that people would be rather thinking of the men who might soon be called upon to die for their country than remembering those who had died for her years ago. To the superficial thinker this would seem probable. To the one who studies more deeply the reverse would appear likely.

So it has turned out. Never has Memorial Day appeared so deeply important to all our people as it has this year. Never has it been so generally celebrated, and in such an earnest, heartfelt way. The profound stirring of the National spirit by the present war has turned men's attention to and aroused their appreciation of the men whose services and sacrifices have made the United States the greatest country on earth. Though they be dead their works yet live. But for them, and all that they did, dared and suffered, there would now be no great, united, prosperous Nation, mighty in present achievement—mightier still in future possibilities. All that is being done to-day is the direct result of their glorious examples. Mighty legions swarm in response to the President's call, because myriads did in 1861–5, and it was then emphasized that that was the high duty of American manhood. They proudly offer to go anywhere that the Flag leads, and obey any orders that the constituted authorities may give, because we fought out that question during the rebellion, and established the principle of implicit obedience and self-sacrificing loyalty as the high dictate of duty and honor. The men are now in camp, eager for any duty that may be assigned them, either on this side of the globe or the other, because of the example set them by their fathers 30 years ago. Because, in 1861–'65, regiments marched thousands of miles, and encountered any foes, and any form of peril, regiments to-day are ready to go tens of thousands of miles, and encounter any danger into which the Flag may lead. Dewey and his gallant men emulated at Manila what Farragut and his valiant crews did at New Orleans and Mobile. The boys now wearing the blue are eager to repeat at Habana their fathers' siege of Vicksburg; in the jungles of Matanzas, to copy their fathers' resolute march through the Wilderness.

The present war is a great and impressive object-lesson to every heart as to the character, the valor and self-sacrifice of the volunteers of 1861–5. Every father and mother of a son who may be called into the war now appreciates what it cost parents 37 years ago to give up their sons. Every young man who even thinks of going to war has impressed upon him as never before the elevated sense of duty which stirred the young men of the last generation to offer themselves upon the country's altar.

Therefore, Memorial Day becomes a more impressive occasion to every mind. The graves of those who died that their country might live become hallowed places. The sneer of the soldier-hater has been shamed into silence; the hiss of the Copperhead is hateful to the ear; the spots where lie the bodies of those who fought for the Nation's life become the people's most sacred shrines, and far more than ever the 30th of May is the All Saints Day of every true American.

RUSSIA is reported to be exceedingly anxious to get a foothold in the Philippines. The property is in the hands of Uncle Sam, Washington, D. C., U. S. A., to whom all applications must be addressed.

THE New York *Evening Post* should by all means secure the services of Gen. Blanco as Pension Editor when we knock him out of his present job. He has been joyfully proclaiming to the people of Cuba that the Spaniards gained a great victory at Manila.

WE need not fear any interference with regard to the Philippines. The Powers would be even more unable to agree to any concert of action with regard to us than they were with respect to Turkey.

THE Spanish army has even a greater surprise in store in regard to the marksmanship of American soldiers than the Spanish navy had as to the sharpshooting of American sailors. No country in the world has paid so much attention to rifle practice as we have, and there is no doubt that our Regular Army and National Guard can far outshoot any other troops in the world. If Blanco sets an army in front of us as we enter Cuba it stands a good chance of being slaughtered without doing much damage in return.

WE have the Viscaya, Cristobal Colon, Oquendo and Maria Teresa fast. They would be most valuable additions to our Navy if we could take them alive. If Admiral Cervera is of the usual style of "Spanish honor" an arrangement might be made with him for 5 per cent. or such a matter of their original cost not to blow them up when he has to surrender.

WAR NOTES.

I learn that Gen. Coppinger was greatly relieved to have his erratic brother-in-law, Jas. G. Blaine, jr., assigned to another General's staff. Young Blaine has hitherto been a very wild, unmanageable fellow, and the subject of no end of talk not at all creditable to him. It may be, however, that he has sowed his wild oats, and is determined to do something that will be a credit to him and his distinguished father. He will now have a chance. If there is any real good in him, he will have abundant chance to show it in the position of a staff officer.

Desha Breckinridge is another young man who has received a plum on account of his relationship. He is the son of Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, formerly Representative from Kentucky. Young Breckinridge gets a commission in the 1st Ky., and is to be given a place on the staff of his uncle, Maj.-Gen. Jos. C. Breckinridge, if the latter is given a field command. There is strong opposition to this in the Army, since Gen. Breckinridge has been a staff officer for 17 years, and they think that as he had the plum of staff work for so long he should not now want an active command.

I met Gen. Greely on the street, and congratulated him on the complete success of his censorship, which has been very much more rigid than the most despotic Government in Europe could have secured.

"Yes," he said; "it shows how much superior our form of Government, where each citizen has the same interest in public affairs. I simply told them that I wanted to interfere as absolutely little as possible in their business, and I put them on honor as to the transmission of ciphers and of anything that might give information to the enemy and be prejudicial to the Government. They all accepted the situation with the greatest patriotism, and every man connected with the telegraph service is on the lookout that it shall not be used to the country's harm. All the great newspapers did the same, and I received every assistance from them. I have only had a couple of instances of trouble in ambitious correspondents trying to send contraband news, and their editors on being communicated with discharged them, and wrote me very patriotic letters."

The Government was very fortunate in having such a man as Gen. Greely in such an important and responsible position. He was a good soldier—a Massachusetts volunteer, and carried a musket—and is a gentleman of the highest intelligence and tact.

OFFICIAL UNREADINESS.

The efficiency of the Quartermaster's Department in preparing and for providing for troops was not in evidence at Camp Alger. I was out there a full week after the camp had been established, and was painfully struck by the lack of preparations for the care of the 30,000 men whom it was announced would be there.

The camp is situated on fine, rolling ground, and is in itself a very good spot. But it is three miles from the railroad, and the road leading to it is a narrow, wretched, Virginia highway, as bad as only Virginia roads can be. In two or three places it is crossed by streams which are not bridged, and consequently soon converted into mudholes by passing men and teams. In fact, it is already full of mud-holes, and I saw the 8th Pa. tramp through one very unnecessary mud-hole, which should have been taken care of at the very first. The road is so narrow that in very many places two teams cannot pass. Yet not a spade had been lifted to improve the way over which troops must constantly march to and fro, over which all their rations and equipments must be hauled, and over which all visitors must pass and repass. It seemed to me that some old Quartermaster-Sergeant of Volunteers would have done much better than the epauletted gentlemen in charge, even though they had had a West Point education.

On the grounds was even more painful evidence of a lack of intelligent preparation. No wells had been dug to supply water, there were no sheds to house the Quartermaster and Commissary stores, there was nothing to provide for the comfort and health of the men. I was not surprised to learn that there was much feeling among the regiments that arrived, after being three or four days on the road, to find that there were no rations ready for them, that they had to struggle around one old farm well to get water, and that the field officers had to give up their tents to shelter the Commissary and Quartermaster stores. I remarked to one of my acquaintances that out in some little wild and woolly Western town they would provide better on short notice for a picnic or a political meeting than had been done for a great camp.

The whole thing is absolutely unnecessary, too. The officers are making great ado about being called upon to supply such enormous quantities of rifles, cartridges, tents, etc. This is distracting attention from real things. Certainly there are enough planks in the country to be had at once for sheds, and sheds are cheaper and better in every way for camp of instruction than tents. Enough men with picks and shovels can be gotten on the instant to make all the roads necessary, and to ditch and drain the camps. A gang of men can in a day or two put down enough driven wells to supply everybody with abundance of water, and so on. I hope things have gone on much better at Chickamauga, Tampa, Mobile, New Orleans, etc. I know they have at the State Camps, where practical, business men have had charge.

Si and Shorty Have a Period of Self-Disgust Followed by Recovery.

It took many days for the boys' lacerated feet to recover sufficiently to permit their going about and returning to duty. They spent the period of enforced idleness in chewing the cud of bitter reflection. The thorns had cut far more painfully into their pride than into their feet. The time was mostly passed in moody silence, very foreign to the customary liveliness of the Hoosier's Rest. They only spoke to one another on the most necessary subjects, and then very briefly. In their sore shame at the whole thing, they even became wroth with each other. Shorty sneered at the way Si cleaned up the house, and Si condemned Shorty's cooking. Thenceforth Shorty slept on the floor, while Si occupied the bed, and they cooked their meals separately. The newness of the clothes they drew from the Quartermaster angered them, and they tried to make them look as dirty and shabby as the old.

Once they were on the point of actually coming to blows.

Si had thoughtlessly flung some dishwater into the company street. It was a misdemeanor that in ordinary times would have been impossible to him. Now almost anything was.

Shorty instantly growled:

"You slouch; you ought to go the guard-house for that."

Si retorted hotly:

"Slouch, yourself! Look where you throwed them coffee-grounds this morning," and he pointed to the tell-tale evidence beside the house.

"Well, that ain't near so bad," said Shorty crustily. "That at least pretended to be tidy."

"Humph," said Si, with supreme disdainfulness. "It's the difference betwixt sneakin' and straight-out. "I throwed mine right

SHORTY AND SI ARE OUT.

out in the street. You tried to hide yours, and made it all the nastier. But whatever you do's all right. Whatever I do's all wrong. You're a pill."

"Look here, Mister Klegg," said Shorty, stepping forward with doubled fist, "I'll have you understand that I've stood all the slack and impudence from you that I'm a-goin to."

"Shorty, if you double your fist up at me," roared the irate Si, "I'll knock your head off in a holy minute."

The boys of Co. Q were thunderstruck. It seemed as if their world was toppling when two such partners should disagree. They gathered around in voiceless sorrow and wonderment, and watched developments.

Shorty seemed in the act of springing forward, when the sharp roll of the drum at Headquarters beating the "assembly" arrested all attention. Everyone looked eagerly toward the Colonel's tent, and saw him come out buckling on his sword, while his Orderly sped away for his horse. Apparently, all the officers had been in consultation with him, for they were hurrying away to their several companies.

"Fall in, Co. Q," shouted the Orderly-Sergeant. "Fall in promptly."

Everybody made a rush for his gun and equipments.

"Hurry up, Orderly," said Capt. McGillicuddy, coming up with sword and belt in hand. "Let the boys take what rations they can lay their hands on, but not stop to cook any. We've got to go on the jump."

All was rush and hurry. Si and Shorty bolted for their house, forgetful of their mangled feet. Si got in first, took his gun and cartridge-box down, and buckled on his belt. He looked around for his rations while Shorty was putting on his things. His bread and meat and Shorty's were separate, and there was no trouble about them. But the coffee and sugar had not been divided, and were in common receptacles. He opened the coffee-can and looked in. There did not seem to be more than one ration there. He hesitated a brief instant what to do. It would serve Shorty just right to take all the coffee. He liked his coffee even better than Shorty did, and was very strennous about having it. If he did not take it Shorty might think that he was either anxious to make up or afraid, and he wanted to demonstrate that he was neither. Then there was a twinge that it would be mean to take the coffee, and leave his partner, senseless and provoking as he seemed, without any. He set the can down, and turning as if to look for something to empty it in, pretended to hear something outside the house to make him forget it, and hurried out.

SI AND SHORTY AS MOUNTED INFANTRY.

Presently Shorty came out, and ostentatiously fell into the line at a distance from Si. It was the first time they had not stood shoulder to shoulder.

The Orderly-Sergeant looked down the line, and called out:

"Here, Corp'l Klegg, you're not fit to go. Neither are you, Shorty. Step out, both of you."

"Yes, I'm all right," said Shorty. "Feet's got well. I kin outwalk a Wea Injun."

"Must've bin using some Lightning Elixir Liniment," said the Orderly-Sergeant incredulously. "I saw you both limping around like string-halted horses not 15 minutes ago. Step out, I tell you."

"Captain, le' me go along," pleaded Si. "You never knowed me to fall out, did you?"

"Captain, I never felt activer in my life," asserted Shorty; "and you know I always kept up. I never played sore foot any day."

"I don't belie e either of you're fit to go," said Capt. McGillicuddy, "but I won't deny you. You may start, anyway. By the time we get to the pickets you can fall out if you find you can't keep up."

"The rebel cavalry's jumped a herd of beef cattle out at pasture, run off the guard, and are trying to get away with them," the Orderly-Sergeant hurriedly explained, as he lined up Co. Q. "We're to make a short cut across the country and try to cut them off. Sir, the company's formed."

"Attention, Co. Q!" shouted Capt. McGillicuddy. "Right face!—Forward, file left!—March!"

The company went off at a terrific pace to get its place with the regiment, which had already started without it.

Though every step was a pang, Si and Shorty kept up unflinchingly. Each was anxious to outdo the other, and to bear off bravely before the company. The Captain and Orderly-Sergeant took an occasional look at them until they passed the picket-line, when other more pressing matters engaged the officers' attention.

The stampeded guards, mounted on mules or condemned horses or running on foot, came tearing back, each with a prodigious tale of the numbers and ferocity of the rebels.

The regiment was pushed forward with all the speed there was in it, going down-hill and over the level stretches at a double-quick. Si felt his feet bleeding, and it seemed at times that he could not go another step, but then he would look back down the line and catch a glimpse of Shorty keeping abreast of his set of fours, and he would spur himself to renewed effort. Shorty would long to throw himself in a fence-corner and rest for a week, until, as they went over some rise, he would catch sight of Si's sandy hair, well in the lead, when he would drink in fresh determination to keep up, if he died in the attempt.

Presently they arrived at the top of a hill from which they could see the rebel cavalry rounding up and driving off the cattle, while a portion of the enemy's horsemen were engaged in a fight with a small squad of infantry ensconced behind a high rail fence.

Si and Shorty absolutely forgot their lameness as Co. Q separated from the column, and rushed to the assistance of the squad, while the rest of the regiment turned off to the right to cut off the herd. But they were lame, all the same, and tripped and fell over a low fence which the rest of the company easily leaped. They gathered themselves up, sat on the ground for an instant and glared at one another.

"Blamed old tangle-foot," said Shorty, derisively.

"You've got hoofs like a foundered hoss," retorted Si.

After this interchange of compliments, they staggered painfully to their feet and picked up their guns, which had flown some distance from their hands as they fell.

By this time Co. Q was a quarter of a mile away, and already beginning to fire on the rebels, who showed signs of relinquishing the attack.

"Gol darn the luck!" said Si, with Wabash emphasis, beginning to limp forward.

"Wish the whole outfit was a mile deep in burnin' brimstone," wrathfully observed Shorty.

A couple of lucky shots had emptied two of the rebel saddles. The frightened horses turned away from the fighting line, and galloped down the road to the right of the boys. The leading one suddenly halted in a fence-corner about 30 yards away from Si, threw up his head and began surveying the scene, as if undecided what to do next. The other, seeing his mate stop, began circling around.

Hope leaped up in Si's breast. He began creeping toward the first horse, under the covert of the sumach. Shorty saw his design and the advantage it would give Si, and standing still began swearing worse than ever.

Si crept up as cautiously as he had used to in the old days when he was rabbit-hunting. The horse thrust his head over the fence, and began nibbling at a clump of tall rye growing there. Si thrust his hand out and caught his bridle. The horse made one frightened plunge, but the hand on his bridle held with the grip of iron, and he settled down to mute obedience.

Si set his gun down in the fence-corner and climbed into the saddle.

Shorty made the Spring air yellow with profanity until he saw Si ride away from his gun toward the other horse. When the latter saw his mate, with a rider, coming toward him he gave a whinney and dashed forward. In an instant Si had hold of his bridle and was turning back. His face was bright with triumph. Shorty stopped in the middle of a soul-curdling oath and yelled delightedly:

"Bully for old Wabash! You're my pardner, after all, Si."

He hastened forward to the fence, grabbed up Si's gun and handed it to him, and then climbed into the other saddle.

The rebels were now falling back rapidly before Co. Q's fire. A small party detached itself and started down a side road.

Si and Shorty gave a yell, and galloped toward them, in full sight of Co. Q, who raised a cheer. The rebels spurred their horses, but Si and Shorty gained on them.

"Come on, Shorty," Si yelled. "I don't believe they've got a shot left. They haint fired once since they started."

He was right. Their cartridge-boxes had been emptied.

At the bottom of the hill a creek crossing the road made a deep, wide quagmire. The rebels were in too much hurry to pick out whatever road there might have been through it. Their leaders plunged in, their horses sank nearly to the knees, and the whole party bunched up.

"Surrender, you rebel galoots," yelled Si, reining up at a little distance, and bringing his gun to bear.

"Surrender, you offscourings of secession," added Shorty.

The rebels looked back, held up their hands, and said imploringly:

"Don't shoot, Mister. We'uns give up." We'uns air taylored."

"Come back up here, one by one," commanded Si, "and go to our rear. Hold on to your guns. Don't throw 'em away. We ain't afraid of 'em."

One by one the rebels extricated their horses from the mire, with more or less difficulty, and filed back. Si kept his gun on those in the quagmire, while Shorty attended to the others as they came back. Co. Q was coming to his assistance as fast as the boys could march.

What was the delight of the boys to recognize in their captives the squad which had captured them. The sanguinary Bushrod was the first to come back, and Si had to restrain a violent impulse to knock him off his horse with his gun-barrel. But he decided to settle with him when through with the present business.

By the time the rebels were all up, Co. Q had arrived on the scene. As the prisoners were being disarmed and put under guard, Si called out to Capt. McGillicuddy:

"Captain, one o' these men is my particklar meat. I want to 'tend to him."

"All right, Corporal," responded the Captain. "Attend to him, but don't be too rough on him. Remember that he is an unarmed prisoner."

Si and Shorty got down off their horses, and approached Bushrod, who turned white as death, trembled violently, and began to beg.

"Gentlemen, don't kill me," he whined. "I'm a poor man, an' have a fambly to support. I didn't mean nothin' by what I said. I sw'ar t' Lord Almighty I didn't."

"Jest wanted to hear yourself talk—jest practicin' your voice," said Shorty sarcastically, as he took the man by the shoulder and pulled him off into the brush by the roadside. "Jest wanted to skeer us, and see how fast we could run. Pleasant little pastime, eh!"

"And them things you said about a young lady up in Injianny," said Si, clutching him by the throat. "I want to wring your neck jest like a chicken's. What'd you do with her picture and letters?"

Si thrust his hand unceremoniously into Bushrod's pocket and found the ambrotype of Annabel. A brief glance showed him that it was all right, and he gave a sigh of satisfaction, which showed some amelioration of temper toward the captive.

"What'd you do with them letters?" Si demanded fiercely.

"Ike has 'em," said Bushrod.

"You've got my shoes on, you brindle

BUSHROD PRAYS FOR HIS LIFE.

whelp," said Shorty, giving him a cuff in bitter remembrance of his own smarting feet.

"If we're goin' to shoot him let's do it right off," said Si, looking at the cap on his gun.

"The company's gittin' ready to start back."

"All right," said Shorty, with cheerful alacrity. "Johnny, your ticket for a brimstone supper's made out. How'd you rather be shot—standin' or kneelin'?"

"O, gentlemen, don't kill me. Ye hadn't orter. Why do ye pick me out to kill? I wuzzent no wuss'n the others. I wuzzent raylly half ez bad. I didn't raylly mean t' harm ye. I only talked. I had t' talk that-a-way, for I alluz was a Union man, and had t' make a show for the others. I don't want t' be shot at all."

"You aint answerin' my question," said Shorty coolly and inexorably. "I asked you how you preferred to be shot. These other things you mention hain't nothin' to do with my question."

He leveled his gun at the unhappy man, and took a deliberate sight.

"O, for the Lord Almighty's sake, don't shoot me down like a dog," screamed Bushrod. "Le'me have a chance to pray, an' make my peace with my Maker."

"All right," conceded Shorty, "go and kneel down there by that cottonwood, and do the fastest prayin' you ever did in all your born days, for you have need of it. We'll shoot when I count three. You'd better make a clean breast of all your sins and transgressions before you go. You'll git a cooler place in the camp down below."

Unseen, the rest of Co. Q were peeping through the bushes and enjoying the scene.

Bushrod knelt down with his face toward the cottonwood, and began an agonized prayer, mingled with confessions of crimes and malefactions, some flagrant, some which brought a grin of amusement to the faces of Co. Q.

"One!" called out Shorty in stentorian tones.

"O, for the love o' God, Mister, don't shoot me," yelled Bushrod, whirling around, with uplifted arms. "I'm too wicked t' die, an' I've got a fambly dependin' on me."

"Turn around there, and finish your prayin'," sternly commanded Shorty, with his and Si's faces down to the stocks of their muskets, in the act of taking deliberate aim.

Bushrod flopped around, threw increased vehemence into his prayer, and resumed his recital of his misdeeds.

"Two!" counted Shorty.

Again Bushrod whirled around with uplifted hands and begged for mercy.

"Nary mercy," said Shorty. "You wouldn't give it to us, and you haint given it to many others, according to your own account. Your light's flickerin', and we'll blow it out at the next count. Turn around, there."

Bushrod made the woods ring this time with his fervent tearful appeals to the Throne of Grace. He was so wrought up by his impending death that he did not hear Co. Q quietly move away, at a sign from the Captain, with Si and Shorty mounting their horses and riding off noiselessly over the sod.

For long minutes Bushrod continued his impassioned appeals at the top of his voice, expecting every instant to have the Yankee bullets crash through his brain. At length he had to stop from lack of breath. Everything was very quiet—deathly so, it seemed to him. He stole a furtive glance around. No Yankees could be seen out of the tail of his eye on either side. Then he looked squarely around. None was visible anywhere. He jumped up, began cursing savagely, ran into the road and started for home. He had gone but a few steps when he came squarely in front of the musket of the Orderly-Sergeant of Co. Q, who had placed himself in concealment to see the end of the play and bring him along.

"Halt, there," commanded the Orderly-Sergeant; "face the other way and trot. We must catch up with the company."

Si and Shorty felt that they had redeemed themselves, and returned to camp in such good humor with each other, and everybody else, that they forgot that their feet were almost as bad as ever.

They went into the house and began cooking their supper together again. Shorty picked up the coffee-can and said:

"Si Klegg, you're a gentleman, all through, if you was born on the Wabash. A genuine gentleman is knowed by his never bein' no hog under no circumstances. I watched you when you looked into this coffee-can, and mad as I was at you, I said you was a thorobred when you left it all to me."

(To be continued.)

PENSION DECISIONS.

Cases Disposed of by Assistant Secretary Davis.

Assistant Secretary of the Interior Webster Davis rendered decisions in a pension case affecting pension attorneys, in which he affirms the action of the Honorable Commissioner of Pensions. The case is that of an attorney's claim for fee in the case of Thomas J. Edwards, 1st Mich. In this case the principles were laid down that:

"Where two or more claims for pension are pending in behalf of the same person, instruments of evidence filed by an attorney will not inure to his benefit as material service rendered in more than one claim, unless he indorses upon said instrument or sets forth in their contents the several claims to which they are intended to apply."

The Assistant Secretary reversed the action of the Pension Bureau in the case of James L. Ferris, yeoman, United States Navy, in which he holds:

"A sailor on shore for exercise and recreation, by permission of his officers, occupies a different status, with respect to line of duty, from a soldier absent from his command on a pass or furlough, and should be regarded as in the line of duty so long as he conforms to the conditions of the permission granted him, and is guilty of no misconduct.

"The claimant having been shot in the lip, by some person unknown, while 'on liberty' by proper permission, and the weight of the evidence tending to show that he was not in fault, the rejection of his claim for pension on the ground that the wound was not incurred in the line of duty was error."